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*Ford of Fitz-ford; a Legend of Devon.* By Mrs. Bray, author of *De Foix*, &c. 3 vols. 8vo. Smith, Elder, and Co. London.—1830.

A mixture of truth with fiction is one of those devices which render the latter much more agreeable; hence has proceeded the artifice of attributing the discovery of a fanciful narrative, which its inventor wishes to introduce under the most favourable auspices, to some lucky chance; an old chest, a dropped bundle of family documents, or a detached paper of snuff, has thus been the clue to many a tale of wonders.

The writer of the volumes now before us, gives her readers an assurance that the "Legend of Devon" does not owe its origin to any such delusion, but that the facts on which its interest depends, have been collected from his-  
toric records, or well authenticated tradition.

"It was during a summer evening when we first visited the ruined gateway, now the only remaining vestige of the mansion of the house of Fitz-ford. As we passed along, my friend related various anecdotes respecting the place; but he more particularly drew my attention to Fitz-ford, as he told me that tradition had peopled even the solitary gateway, now in ruins, with the restless spirits of the invisible world; that strange forms were said to be there seen; and that one of these was of a truly German character; since a Lady Howard, famed in her lifetime for some great offence, was now nightly doomed, as a fearful penance, to follow her hound from Fitz-ford to Oakhampton-Park, between midnight and cockcrowing, and to return with a single blade of grass in its mouth; a punishment from which neither the mistress nor the hound could be released till every blade was consumed. My friend then told me that there were other and more probable traditions, supported by the evidence of history, connected with this gateway, which in early life had much interested his imagination."

Some of those more probable traditions form the groundwork of the present tale. The principal of them, and though truly horrible, not the less probable on this account, is that of an English judge, who sentenced his daughter to be burnt for the murder of her husband. Perhaps it is not known to all our readers, that this crime is considered in our law books to be one of the deepest atrocity. It is known by the name of petty treason: as being similar in character, though inferior in supposed degree, to that of high treason: for the husband being lord of his house or castle, an attempt upon his life by his only liege subject, his wife, was considered by our learned ancestors, who advocated most stubbornly the rights of MAN, as savouring strongly of an offence against sovereign authority. The punishment was as horrible as the crime was deemed atrocious. The culprit was to be suspended by the neck from the top of an upright stake, at the bottom of which a bundle of faggots were lighted up, so as thus to inflict at once the double agony of strangling and burning. The progress of humanity, without detracting from the apparent horror, has diminished the actual cruelty of the execution, by completing the former part of the sentence before the latter is put in operation. The fact may be as little known, and, perhaps, equally interesting, to many of our readers, that this punishment was inflicted, we believe, for the last time in Ireland, within half a century of

the present day, on a criminal in Dublin, on the spot in Baggot-street, where public executions used to be inflicted, before the progress of improvement launched the culprit into eternity more scientifically through the agency of the spring bolt and the drop.

A tale founded on such a heart-rending incident, must possess some claims on our attention. The occurrences selected, are said to have taken place during the reign of Elizabeth, a period of much excitement, and several historical particulars of the most striking event of that period, the captivity of the unfortunate Mary Queen of Scotland, are interwoven into the narrative of domestic transactions.

Much attention is paid to the description of the natural scenery of Devonshire, and to its local customs. Perhaps, indeed, the author may be accused of expatiating too largely on these embellishments. Scenic descriptions, though highly grateful when slightly touched on by a master-hand, are apt to weary when the writer endeavours to infuse into the narration all the varied impressions which the first view of those displays of the gorgeous majesty of nature cannot fail to excite in a romantic temperament.

*Hints originally intended for the Small Farmers of the County of Wexford*, but suited to the circumstances of many parts of Ireland. By Mr. Martin Doyle. Fifth edition, Dublin, Curry and Co.

We are delighted to see that this very admirable little practical treatise on the agriculture of Ireland, has already reached a fifth edition. Though written in that plain and even homely style, which is perhaps best adapted to secure the attention of the working farmer, it is full of sound sense and shrewd observation. Besides the instructions as to quality and preparation of soils, rotation of crops, care and management of various species of farms, stock, &c. the present edition is enriched with minute directions on the culture of Tobacco, which has recently become so general in some parts of Ireland. Master Martin is opposed, and we think with great reason, to the general introduction of this weed into Ireland, as a noxious, uncertain and therefore unprofitable crop, but he conceives that in the immediate neighbourhood of Dublin, or other large cities, it may be grown with great comparative advantage, because street manure, which can be there procured at a cheap rate, is infinitely better suited for the culture of this crop than any farm-yard manure. To such of our readers as rejoice in the most ancient and honourable of all occupations, the labours of the field, we cordially recommend this little tract, as the most comprehensive and practically useful one we have ever seen on Irish farming.

#### FOREIGN LITERATURE.

*Schiller in his Forty-third Year*; from a Letter of the younger Voss.

Figure to yourself a man really of majestic stature, with a countenance open and handsome, though pale, and slightly withered; one who, when you contemplate him calmly, bears a look of gloom and seriousness about him, but whose features, when set in motion by social converse, glow with cordiality and animation. How few, how very few, possess a goodness and kind-heartedness like his! Since his health has been restored, life to him is one vast scene

of cheerfulness. His marriage has proved a happy one, and he doats upon his children with all a father's fondness. He delights in conversing on serious topics, but takes much interest in trivial matters, if there be but the slightest spark of life and soul about them. Few men have prepossessed me so enthusiastically as Schiller. He knows it, and treats me the more kindly for it. 'It is so seldom,' he once remarked, 'that young men approach me without some selfish end in view, or indeed any other save the desire of looking upon a "noticeable" man.'

#### ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

##### PRIVATE LETTER FROM ROME.

Rome, 20th February.

You chide me for not describing my sensations on visiting the Vatican; why, surely, my dear —, you need not be told for the eleven hundred and ninety-ninth time, that I agree with all that has been said, sung, written, or printed in praise of that glorious place, of Raphael, or Giulio Romano! or the scholars of that school; these must be seen to be understood. The same may be said of the capitol. There is the original St. Sebastian, the first copy of which I recollect to have seen, was by your old friend, Solomon Williams, and that day is as fresh, and that copy too, in my memory, as the original is now. Rome cannot be described—at least, not by me. Such crowds of palaces, galleries, studios! one collection rubs out the recollection of the other: years are required to see and record the great and noble works, here only to be found. The frescos delight me much, though injured, and fast going to decay, as they are. Guidos, Raphaels, Domenichinos and others, all delight me; and from almost every church of the three hundred and fifty that Rome contains, one is sure to come out with some agreeable recollection, arising from the combination, or selection of architecture, painting, or sculpture. How then can I hope to convey to you more than my feelings and gratifications? and these are, (I assure you honestly,) fully and abundantly satisfied and rewarded. Add to these the ruins, the associations of our youthful readings, on the very spot, so rich in composition, effect, and colour, and you may conceive the wonders of this place. Then I am surrounded by my family, no mean increase of pleasure; and as much at home as when you remember me in Dublin—have lots of artist friends, who pass an evening with us; music at home and abroad, and a rich circle of agreeable and respectable companions, (if not friends): foremost, Allan of Edinburgh, Williams, a glorious Welsh artist, Gibson the sculptor, and a very superior one too, and some six or eight others. Then we mix with some forty English and Scotch occasionally; apropos, an Edinburgh artist, Scoular, has taken my bust. He is a very clever man. Music, drawing, and languages fill our leisure hours, so that Rome, (though in one, and almost the truest sense) a gay and dissipated place, is, as you see, by us turned to account. We find it not easy to keep out of the vortex of fashion. I sketch a little out of doors, now that the weather has got milder, though it is still chill and cold, but the sun has gained immense power for February. Hills white towards Tivoli, and frost not over.

We have had cold and unusually severe weather, rain, sleet, and snow; but the days lengthen, and soon we hope for improved climate. A son of Doctor Renny, Royal Hospital, Kilmainham, (whom we have seen much of here,) left us on Thursday, for putrescent qualities of the chlorets of Lime England—a worthy man, (in the engineers,) for Woolwich. Stiestead's not yet returned from Naples. This is the gayest moment of purpose of administering the chloret in the Rome. The carnival commenced last Sunday, and is a gay and ridiculous masquerading in the public streets, by day-light; with racings of horses, without riders, goaded, poor wretches, with balls and spikes swinging about their sides and bellies like spurs, and fireworks and slow matches burning their backs or crappers, to infuriate them forward. How silly this is in writing, yet it promotes noise and frolic; draws crowds, and seems to exhilarate the English as well as the Italians.— This lasts for eight days before Lent, when they pray without ceasing—comical arrangement! yet it fills Rome with all ranks from all countries. I have sought your friend —

and found him; but little more than that can I add. Immediately on receipt of your's I searched for him, but several days elapsed ere I found his lodging, and a comical one it is. Wild as Roman rooms generally are, as to comforts, *his* was quite unique. Picture to yourself an immense gazebo of a studio, thirty-five by twenty-five feet, and eighteen high; unpapered, uncurtained, uncarpeted, and unfurnished, with two windows near the roof, a brick floor (generally so here), a grand piano-forte on the right, lound high with music books; on the left, a table with implements of drawing, papers and chalks lying about them; the white-washed walls be-sketched in chalk, and not very good designs, by his artist friends, he says; his chimney or mantel-piece with cigars, and odds and ends, for he is a great smoker; tambourine, books, &c. &c. filling the tops of the tables; a queer, poetic, rhapsodic kind of an apartment; all this is, doubtless, descriptive of genius. When the spring advances, we purpose going hence to Naples, thence take shipping for Marseilles, and, by the South of France, on to Bourdeaux, whence, possibly, we may steam it to Dublin in the Autumn.

P.S.—Our poor friend —, was robbed of his trunk, books, letters, and clothes within ten miles of St. Petersburgh; but, though some forty or fifty pounds *minus* by the transaction, he reckons his loss on the whole rather a gain. He describes the scene well, and the *éclat* of it has made quite a lion of him, and gained him unlooked-for kindness and attention, particularly through his fellow-traveller, Mr.

I have at once to deplore with you the death of poor Sir Thomas Lawrence, so suddenly cut off in the midst of his bright and glorious career, and to congratulate you upon the election of his high-minded and talented successor, your countryman, Mr. Shee. I am rejoiced to hear that the appointment gives such universal satisfaction to the British artists. Perhaps, if talent in art alone were to decide it, Wilkie should have been the man; but as the office is not merely honorary, but requires great and varied gifts and talents, of which the members of the academy alone are competent to judge, I think the appointment, unsolicited and unexpected as I happen to know with certainty it was, equally honorable to the electors and the elected.

Paris, March 15.

Some very interesting experiments have been performed here lately, by Dr. Cotterau, a physician of eminence, on patients afflicted with consumption. Having conceived that the anti-chloret of here, (left us on Thursday, for putrescent qualities of the chlorets of Lime England—a worthy man, (in the engineers,) for Woolwich. Stiestead's not yet returned from Naples. This is the gayest moment of purpose of administering the chloret in the form of gaseous vapour; and if he and others are to be believed, the effect has even exceeded expectation. Some of the patients in very advanced stages of consumption, after inhaling this gas a dozen times, threw up in the expectoration tubercles which had been detached from the lungs, and the diseased parts being thus removed, the lungs healed, and again became healthy. Should this statement, which now rests on the authority of M. Cotterau and several other respectable physicians, be true, we may congratulate the faculty on a discovery, which in many cases, must prove an incalculable blessing.

The late numbers of the Journal des Connaissances Usuelles, contain several interesting communications on domestic economy. Among others is a mode of rendering new brandy or other spirituous liquors equal to old. It is said that the acid in spirits which is now destroyed by age, can be got rid of by a few drops of ammonia, and that so treated they acquire in a few days all the flavour and good properties of old spirits.

There is not much new in the Theatrical world; and, indeed, here as in England, Theatricals generally seem to be on the wane.

The receipts of the Paris theatres for the month of February, were about 23,000l. but, as they are thirteen in number, the average nightly receipts of each during the twenty-eight days, were not very large. The Theatre Français, the national theatre, did not average fifty pounds per night, and the French Opera, which is one of the largest, and most expensive establishments in Europe, fell short of 100l.—many of the minor theatres in the Boulevards exceeded that sum, but none went beyond an average of 120l.

At the last sitting of the Paris Academy of Medicine, a remarkable case was communicated by Dr. Olivier. A woman, a native of Villeborg, department of the Aude, was delivered in 1829, of a male infant, with the head of an unusual length, and without eyes, in place of which was a concave surface, covered by the eye-lids; the edges of which were joined together. The cases of this nature are almost always of a defective formation. This child, however, enjoys excellent health. At the same sitting, Dr. Lores presented to the Academy two human horns, one of them resembling a ram's horn, had been detached from the right thigh of a man aged 46. The second had grown on the upper and hinder part of the left leg. The bearer of these protuberances had suffered no inconvenience from them. It is worthy of observation that his grandfather had for a length of time a similar excrescence.— These horny productions are not so rare as the total absence of eyes.

In Dr. Dubois' hospital an old woman was for a long time an inmate, who had on her forehead a horn of a conical shape, the base of which was about six or seven inches in diameter, and the length about five. She died in the hospital of St. Louis, but a coloured drawing of the horn is preserved in the cabinet of the school of medicine.

A new weekly paper, called the "Feuilleton," has just made its appearance. It is a sort of Literary Gazette, but is very ill done, and is by no means likely to succeed. The second number contains a very long article on the book trade of France, from which it appears, that the long credit system, does even more injury in keeping up the high price of books, than in this country. There is some curious information in this article, particularly the following: "In 1750, no book, even the *Esprit des Lois* went into more than 3 to 4000 hands; and the public would be surprised to find what number of the works of Voltaire was thrown off, near 30,000 copies have been sold of the *Meditations of Lamartine*; and within the last ten years, 60,000 of Buenger, 30,000 of Voltaire, Montesquieu and Moliere, have been disposed of; but what is most astonishing, is, that during the last five years, more copies of *Rabelais* have been sold than for the preceding hundred years."

Great attention is now paid in France to the breed of horses. Every month we continue to receive stallions from Arabia, Spain, and Great Britain. The prices of horses in Paris, are about 20 to 30 per cent. lower than in London, except for the best bred, which frequently bring 15 to 20 per cent. more than in London. On the last market day in Paris, small but strong draft horses sold for 14 to 18l. each; Picardy mares, 20 to 25l.; good saddle horses, 25 to 30l.; handsome ponies for ladies, 14 to 16l.

M. Raphael Garrette, a merchant of Madrid, has proposed to the Spanish Government, to form a company to establish Armenian Wells, for the irrigation of the country and the supply of water to the towns. According to his statement, few of the towns in Spain, including Madrid, have a supply of more than two-thirds of the quantity of water really necessary.

It appears from a calculation in a French paper, that the number of authors in Germany, is one in every five hundred and eleven of the entire population.

London, March 16.

Messrs. Colburn and Bentley have at length published the second volume of Caillié's Travels in Africa. It is a translation of the volume which I noticed in my last. The Editor of the London and Foreign Literary Gazette expresses great doubts of the veracity of M. Caillié, and insinuates that he has got possession of the papers of the late Major Laing.— This may be the fact; but the case which the writer puts is not a strong one. Mr. Godwin's new novel, *Cloudesley*, does not appear to be a great favourite, at least not so much so as some of his earlier productions. The sale, however, is likely to be good: for any thing in the shape of a novel from the pen of Mr. Godwin, must sell to a fair extent.\* The other

\* We have read *Cloudesley*, and are only prevented by crush of matter from giving a detailed account of it to our readers, in the present number; we prefer deferring it for another week to passing over it in a cursory manner. Let the reader suppose a man cooped up for months in the narrow, noisy alleys of a crowded city, and suddenly transported into the dewy freshness and bracing air of a spring morning in the fields, and he will be able to image to himself the feeling with which the truth and intellectual vigour of Godwin's pages inspired us, compared with the volume of commonplace fiction through which we are usually condemned to labour. By the way, as opinions upon literary subjects are frequently expressed in our London letters, we think it due to the public, to our correspondent and ourselves, to state, once for all, that we hold ourselves in no degree accountable for any criticisms, save those which are couched under the editorial we. Our regular London correspondent is known

novels of the week, Sydenham, and the Manners of the Day, seem to have fallen almost still-born from the press, notwithstanding the exertions of the publishers.

I fear that there are still some difficulties in the way of rebuilding the English Opera House, at least upon the former site. The Marquis of Exeter who is the ground landlord, claims to retake it into his own hands on forfeiture of the lease by Mr. Arnold, who was bound by one of its clauses to insure the property. Should the Noble Marquis insist upon this harsh construction of the clause, the Commissioners of Woods and Forests intend to let to Mr. Arnold a plot of ground near Charing-Cross, which would be an admirable situation.

I see by the American Papers that Miss Frances Wright, the protégée of Mr. Jeremy Bentham and General Lafayette, is still delivering lectures in support of her system of social economy. The Yankees are very much divided in opinion as to the philosopher in petticoats. Some consider her a genuine star of genius; others one of those star-shots which are all froth and jelly. The same Papers contain accounts of some interesting experiments which have lately been made at New-York, as to the relative strength of cordage made from Russian and American hemp. The results shewed a superiority of more than 20 per cent. in favour of the American.

Temperance societies are become very common in the United States, and as the preachers of temperance are putting into practice their own precepts, they may be expected to increase. An American paper, under the unharmonious title of the "Little Falls People's Friend," informs us that more than one hundred physicians and students in that country have publicly renounced the use of ardent spirits, except when necessary as medicine. We hope the medical gentlemen will not fancy themselves ill too frequently for the sake of administering this medicine.

While on the subject of America, I must notice among the contents of the American papers, this as to the increase of steam-boats. I find that there are now 320 steam-boats on the Mississippi and Ohio rivers, whereas, eighteen years ago, the number was only 170, the largest of which was smaller than most of the small boats now in use. It would be curious to trace the increase of steam power in our own country, as applied to vessels, and still more curious and satisfactory to shew how few accidents result from its use. On the Dover station, although at least one thousand voyages take place annually by steam-boats, we never hear of a single casualty as to human life. I will conclude my American notices with the following, which appears in the Virginia Herald under the head "Sam Patch, undone."—Sam, as most of our readers know, was the adventurous youth who split his skull in throwing a somerset down the Falls of the Niagara:

"On Christmas Day, Miss Ross, of Pownal, Vermont, had been to 'Brown's Mills,' and taken a bundle of rolls from the carding machine, with which she proceeded homewards; but thinking to reach home sooner by going across the lots, than by taking the common route, she left the road and proceeded towards her house. It seems that she soon lost her way,

to us only by his deservedly high character in the literary world, and we beg it may not be supposed that any identity of opinion is necessarily implied between us and those whose letters are inserted in our pages.

and after wandering about for some time, she returned to the place a short distance to the east of the mills above mentioned, where there is a perpendicular rock, and a very deep declivity, down to the road; not knowing where she was, she boldly walked off from the cliff, and fell perpendicularly sixty-three feet, when she rebounded, and fell seventy-three feet more, rolls and all! making the whole distance, either perpendicular, or over sharp rocks, 133 feet!—and, what is more astonishing, the girl received no injury at all! The distance, says the Williams Town paper, has since been accurately measured by Augustus Starkweather, Esq. and another competent person, so that there can be "no mistake."

*To the Redacteur of the Dublin Literary Gazette.*

SIR—I am *réellement* astonished to observe in the *beau monde*, where the *belles lettres* are cultivated, a *mélange* of French and English which is positively *affreux*, and shows that that language is becoming *de jour en jour* a miserable tongue of the society of *haut ton*. *En effet*, one cannot partake of a dinner *sans* hearing this jargon, nor attend a *bal paré*, without this species of conversation, which is *tout-à-fait* disgusting; nor can one participate in a *fête champêtre*, without being *apostrophé* by one of the *partie*, who watches every opportunity to show his *esprit*; and, if, *malheureusement*, a stranger happens to be *pour la première fois*, in such an assembly, where every one is *savant dans genre*, he, not being acquainted with *la langue française*, sees himself all at once *hors de combat*. It is quite impossible, Mons. le redacteur, to enjoy a *tête-à-tête* without hearing this *langage*. *Ma foi*, it would do very well, *si*, every one of the *partie* *savait le français*.

I have observed that young *militaires* and a few *chirurgiens* have a *penchant* for this *affreux* language, thinking that this motley jargon makes them appear *grands*, and gives *un ton d'empressement* to their Frenchified English conversation, which is very seldom otherwise *piquant*; but *chacun à son goût*. I am not a little *étonné* to be informed that a young *Demoiselle* cannot invite a male friend to a *soirée*, it is always the *étiquette* of society that a gentleman invites a *Monsieur*, and a lady *une Dame*: this is called *bon genre*. But sir, what will you do then with the *jeunes veuves*? *Allons, allons, Monsieur*, this *soi-disant haut-ton* is not very *sortable*: to prevent ladies from enjoying the *charme* of society is not very *poli*. They cannot have at their own apartments *garnis* a *tête-à-tête*, without creating in the neighbourhood certain *cancans*, that is to say, no one can be *sage chez soi*. This saying is *tout-à-fait* disgraceful to *bienveillance*. But, *n'importe*, *chaque pays, chaque mode*.

What strange *coutumes* in a saloon, M. le redacteur! when a *cavalier* has *la bonne fortune* to meet a lady *à une soirée*, and pays her his *devoirs* as *en qualité d'un galant*, she is observed by her *entour*, who watch every *geste* of hers, and every *mouvement* of his, which is, *convenez-en*, very disagreeable. But the *pis* is, that that same polite individual has not the privilege to *éter son chapeau*, to this very same *belle*, if he should meet her, *par accident*, in the public streets, the day after. This respectful *compliment* appertains to the ladies, *ainsi*, they can pass by *l'un*, et faire des yeux doux à *l'autre*.

I am, Mons. avec considération, yours,  
Voyageur.

ED.

THE DRAMA.

THE performances at the Theatre during the past week, furnish little matter for further observation than we have already bestowed upon them, as they have entirely consisted of a repetition of those pieces in which Mr. Macready had previously appeared—with the exception of Werner, a tragedy by Lord Byron, which we learn has been adapted by Mr. Macready for stage representation, the story on which the Drama is founded, was taken by the illustrious author from "*Lee's Canterbury Tales*," to which he has added one character—Ida of Strahlenheim—which contributes much to its dramatic effect. The other characters have merely undergone some trifling modification, and in many parts Lord Byron has preserved the exact language of the original; the story is deeply interesting, and in the present instance is more remarkable for the simplicity of its development, than for any of those exalted flights of imagination which distinguish most of his lordship's other productions. Mr. Macready as Werner was every thing that could be wished, and sustained the interest which the character excites in every scene, with powerful effect—the other parts were efficiently represented.

The pantomime still holds its ground, and continues to be performed nightly, many alterations and curtailments appear to have been made in the action of the piece, since its first representation, all of which we consider decided improvements; by the way, as this is a species of performance in which our juvenile folk are much interested, and particularly adapted for their amusement, we would recommend the manager to appoint a night when it may be presented at an hour which would enable them to get early to bed, and allow those who are residing in the vicinity of the city, to gratify their children, by witnessing the feats of "Harlequin and Cock Robin."

NEW MUSIC.

*Tam O'Shanter, and Souter Johny*, written by C. Butler, Esq. the Music by Dr. Smith. (Willis, Dublin.)

THIS song, as appears from its title, is founded on Burn's well known tale, and inculcates a moral as creditable to the gallantry of the writer, as we trust it may be useful in correcting a custom too often practised in our social circles, of drowning in an after-dinner stoup, the recollection of the ladies in the drawing-room. The poet, without exacting the more rigid discipline of the temperance societies, appears only desirous that our devotion to the bottle, shall not supersede that which we owe to the fair sex, whose delightful society is so frequently sacrificed for too copious libations to the "jolly god." The music, which is an adaptation of a favourite Scotch air, is pleasingly arranged by Dr. Smith, and as its compass will answer the generality of voices, we think it an excellent table song, and one which we hope, when judiciously introduced, will effect the object contemplated by the writer.

M. Auber has produced another Opera at Paris, called "*Fra Diavolo, or the Hotel of Terracina*," which has proved highly successful. This composer is rapidly acquiring popularity, and Boieldieu, who, next to Rossini, has been found a formidable rival in the author of *Masaniello*